

# The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LLOYD, Editor and Proprietor.  
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

OFFICE,  
Bloomfield, N. J.

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## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The following firms are advertised in our columns. From personal acquaintance with these business houses we feel perfectly justified in warmly recommending them to the readers of the GAZETTE. For particulars, read their advertisements in detail.

CLOTHING-READY MADE & TO ORDER.  
Watson & Co., 813 Broad St. Newark.  
E. Dunham & Co., 815 Broad-st.

HATS, CAPS AND SUMMER HATS.  
Robert Duff, 411 Broad St. Newark.  
R. F. Jolley & Co., 329 Broad-st.  
Jas. Moon, 485 Broad-st.  
N. A. Merritt, cor. Broad & Orange-sts.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.  
J. L. Edwards, 493 Broad-st.  
L. Lewin, 477 " "  
R. F. Jolley & Co., 329 Broad-st.  
W. A. Maunders, 493 " "  
C. H. Wyman, Montclair.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c.  
J. G. Kayler, Bloomfield.  
Baldwin & Meeker, Newark.  
Douglas, Sons & Co., 797 Broad-Street.

DRY GOODS.  
Marvin Dodd & Co., 877 Broad-st. Newark.  
A. Grant, Jr. & Co., 491 " "  
Higgins & Freeman, 499 " "  
J. McLaughlin, 479 " "  
W. V. Snyder & Co., 737 Broad-st.  
Walsh & Waterfield, 701 " "  
T. Mc Manus, Market-st.  
C. H. Wyman, Montclair.  
W. L. Doremus & Bro., Montclair.  
C. H. Wyman, Montclair.  
S. M. Lederer, 307 Greenwich-st., N. York.  
S. Sulzberger, 343 Greenwich-st.

HARDWARE, TOOLS, HOUSE FURNISHING, HARGREAVES & HAYES, Bloomfield.  
Edward Wilde, Bloomfield.  
Rising & Thorns, 473 Broad-st., Newark.

GAS FITTING, PLUMBING, FURNACES, &c.  
N. N. Crane, Montclair.  
O'Malley & Arson, Bloomfield.  
Hargreaves & Hayes, Bloomfield.  
Angell, Altvater & Co., 706 Broadway, N.Y.

FANCY GOODS, &c.  
Cawley & Bles, 731 " Newark.  
Fox & Plant, 533 " "  
Miss M. J. Olsson, 518 " "

SPICES, READY-MADE OR TO ORDER.  
Cawley & Stryker, 499 " "  
C. Garrawant, 685 " "  
B. Irwin, 779 " "  
Horace Dodd, Bloomfield.  
J. Batzle, Montclair.  
W. Jacobson, Montclair.

CARRIAGES, HARRIS, Montclair.  
C. C. Corby, Bloomfield.  
N. H. Hansen, Bloomfield.  
N. H. Dodd, Bloomfield.

GROCERIES.  
Martin Brothers, Bloomfield.  
E. Wilde, Montclair.  
M. R. Maxwell, Montclair.  
W. L. Doremus, Montclair.  
Bragg & Bates, 469 Broad-st., Newark.  
J. H. Bochen & Bro., 98 Barclay-st., N. Y.  
Hecker, 203 Cherry street,  
Wagie & Lyles, Park Place.

BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY, etc.  
G. W. Moneypanny, Bloomfield.  
W. Neiderhauer, Montclair.  
Jacob Fissell, Newark.

DENTISTRY.  
Dr. W. E. Pinkham, 478 Broad-st., Newark.  
Dr. Geo. Inness, Montclair.  
Dr. P. J. Koonz, 1 Great Jones-st., N.Y.

PAINTING, PAPER HANGING, &c.  
Hayden & Owens, Montclair.  
S. P. Davis, 353 Broad-st., Newark.

SCHOOLS.  
Newark Academy, High-street, Newark.  
Grammas and High School, Bloomfield.  
Miss Shibley's School, " "  
Miss Mitchell, " "

PHOTOGRAPHERS.  
Blake, Cor. Broad and Orange-st., Newark.

MISCELLANEOUS.  
COAL-J. N. Van Liew, Bloomfield.  
WATCHMAKERS-R. Levy, Bloomfield.

DEPOS.  
Dr. W. H. White, Bloomfield.  
Betzler & Wheeler, Montclair.  
Hind & Murphy, 81 Barclay-st. New York.

ARCHITECTS.  
Briggs & Colman, Newark.  
H. Lamb, Newark.

GRANITE WORKS-Clark & Williams, " "

CROCKERY, POTTERY, DRAIN PIPE.  
E. Wilde, Bloomfield.  
W. L. Doremus, Montclair.  
J. H. Osborn, Belleville Ave., Newark.

SURVEYOR-Yas. Hughes, Bloomfield.

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Wm. Jacobson, Montclair.  
Wm. H. Harris, Montclair.

STATIONERY.  
E. Madison, Montclair.  
Lyon & Ames, 97 Thomas street, New York.

TOTS AND FANCY GOODS.  
Hagall's Bazaar, 77 Broad-st., Newark.  
Saville MACHINERY-R. Peels, 460 Broad-st., Newark.

FURS.  
Burnett, 10 Academy-st.  
N. A. Merritt, 60 Orange st.

MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING.  
W. S. Hedenberg, 880 Broad St., Newark.  
Miss Ripley, 354 " "  
Mrs. Davis, 355 " "

## Dentists.

DR. P. J. KOONZ,  
**DENTIST,**  
No. 1 GREAT JONES ST., near Broadway,  
NEW YORK.  
Laughing Gas administered for the painless ex-  
traction of teeth.

**DENTISTRY.**  
W. T. PINKHAM, D.D.S.,  
(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College),  
474 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.  
Refers by permission to Messrs. Wm. B. Gail, Jr., Geo. F. H. Harris, Drs. A. Ward, W. T. Mercer, G. R. Kent, of Newark; Drs. Love and Pinkham, of Montclair, and Dr. Wilmers, of East Orange.

**ALEXANDER MCKIRGAN.**  
Successor to Reed & McKirgan.  
**DENTIST.**  
No. 46 Bank Street, NEWARK, N. J.  
Laughing Gas administered. dec20-ly

**Architects.**  
**BRIGGS & COLMAN,**  
**ARCHITECTS,**  
442 BROAD STREET, RHODES' BUILDING  
NEWARK, N. J.  
J. I. Briggs, ARCHITECT.  
ERNEST COLMAN, ARCHITECT.

**ARCHITECTURE-HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.**  
Parties contemplating building homes will find it to their interest to call on the undersigned, who has made a specialty of DWELLINGS, and can show plans for neat cottages from \$1000 and upwards.

H. LAMB, Architect.  
Sep20-3m Cor. Broad & Market-sts. Newark.

**Photography.**  
**CARD PHOTOGRAPHS, \$2 per Doz.**  
Pictures copied, enlarged and finished in any style desired at lower prices than any other Gallery in the City.

**BLAKE & CO'S PHOTOGRAPH & FERRO-TYPE ROOMS.**  
Cor. Broad and Orange Streets first corner below M. & E. R. R. NEWARK.  
Pictures taken in all weathers. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. May10-ly

**Wall Papers, Curtains, &c.**  
**SAMUEL P. DAVIS.**  
**LACE CURTAINS.**  
**WALL PAPERS,**  
**WINDOW SHADES,**

**WHITE AND BUFF HOLLANDS,**  
NO. 563 BROAD ST. (near Newbitt) NEWARK.  
All orders promptly attended to. Feb24-ly

**Publishers**  
**IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.**  
**Educational Publishers,**  
**BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,**  
135 & 140 GRAND STREET,  
NEW YORK.

"Our New Descriptive Catalogue of the American Educational Series and the Educational Reporter will be sent to teachers and educationalists on application."

**CONFECTIONERY.**  
**FUSSELL'S ICE CREAM.**  
**OYSTERS.**

**FALL ANNOUNCEMENT!**  
The Citizens of Newark and vicinity are informed that "Fussell's Ice Cream" will be continued in the Fall and Winter the same as in the Summer. "No postponement on account of the weather."

The same Delicious Creams and Ice, will be made and delivered to Families, Boarding Houses, Balls, Societies, &c.

AT THE SAME LOW PRICES AS IN THE SUMMER.  
Boarding house keepers will find great advantage in having ICE CREAM for a DRESSY two or three times a week-they can not get anything that is cheaper or more refreshing.

**ALL THE USUAL KINDS OF ICE CREAM.**  
Will be kept, besides the French Cream. We have all kinds of

**FANCY MOULDS,**  
Both large and small, of Birds, Animals, Men, Fruit, &c. Estimated will be given for serving

**WEDDINGS AND PARTIES**  
with all Refreshments needed, including the BIG CAKE. Our Saloon will be more attractive than ever. Besides Ice Cream and Tea, we are now serving up

**OYSTERS, SCALLOPS,**  
Tea, Coffee, Charlotte Russe, &c.  
Ladies will find our Saloon everything they desire.

The same liberal policy that characterizes us in Ice Cream will be observed in regard to Oysters, &c., so drop in see us.

"FUSSELL,  
No. 308 BROAD STREET,  
oct-25-ly

## Banks, Insurance, &c.

**North Ward National Bank**  
OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.  
THIS Institution commenced business on the 24th of February last, in the Rhodes Building, No. 442 Broad Street, nearly opposite the M. & E. R. R. Depot. It is very conveniently located for residents of Bloomfield, Montclair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facilities in Newark.

**DIRECTORS.**  
H. M. Rhodes, C. A. Fuller,  
J. G. Darling, Wm. Titus,  
E. G. Fatale, E. L. McNaughton,  
J. Ward Woodruff, Joseph Feder,  
P. T. Doremus, Joseph M. Smith,  
Benj. F. Crane, George Coult,  
H. M. Rhodes, Pres't. GEORGE ROSE, Cashier.  
Mar. 1-ly

**PEOPLE'S Savings Institution,**  
445 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.  
NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873.  
At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, a dividend at the rate of

**7 PER CENT PER ANNUM**  
was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the 1st of November, payable on or after November 18th, and if not drawn to be counted as principal from November 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st, will draw interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President.  
ALEXANDER GRANT, Treasurer.

**CITIZENS' Insurance Company.**  
443 BROAD STREET,  
NEWARK, N. J.

**PAID UP CAPITAL, \$200,000.**  
ASSETS, OVER \$300,000

JAS. J. DARLING, President.  
A. P. SCHARFF, Secretary.  
C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.

Jan26-ly

**MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.**  
NEWARK, N. J.

Statement, January 1st, 1873

Balance as per statement, Jan. 1, 1873, \$23,341 70 1/2

Received for premiums during the year 1872, \$5,344,168 51

Received for interest during the year 1872, 1,344,116 18

Received for annuities during the year 1872, 770 99

Total receipts for 1872, \$6,689,055 68

Paid claims by death, \$1,911,444 72

Paid annuities, 149,093 28

Paid surrenders, 396,094 98

Paid for advertising and printing, 64,004 90

Paid contingent expenses, 85,545 91

Paid postage and exchange, 11,251 46

Paid taxes and interest on revenue, 54,544 00

Paid commissions to agents, 400,949 88

Paid physicians' fees, 30,382 22

Paid annuities, 1,465 70

Paid return premiums, 1,600 426 00

\$4,578,062 91

\$6,560,055 68

\$4,578,062 91

\$2,306 96

\$23,457,737 59

Assets.

Cash on hand, \$508,717 94

Real estate, \$1,911,444 72

United States securities, 1,561,000 00

State, city and county bonds, 1,135,500 00

## Taking it for Granted.

With marks of a rough, stormy life all over him, a man of about fifty years, gray and unburied, sat in my office. I found him there when I went in one morning not long ago.

"Here is somebody waiting for you, Elwell," said Mr. Bigelow.

I looked around, and the man rose and held out his hand.

"Averill-my name is Averill," said he, looking sharply at me out of a pair of shrewd gray eyes.

"I am not an old friend of yours, but I have met her for a matter of five and twenty years. So I thought I'd call and ask after her and her family."

"I am glad to see you," said I. "Are you a relative of my mother?"

"No," replied Mr. Averill. "We were of the same name, but not connected-unless it may be very distantly. I used to know her and her folks, though, as well as I did my own sisters, and her, too. Let's see-where is your Aunt Augusta, now?"

"She is living with her children in Portland," said I.

"Pretty well, is she, do you know?" asked Mr. Averill.

"Very well when we heard last. Aunt Augusta has good children and a pleasant home, and seems quite happy."

"Um-m-m!" That is all," said Mr. Averill, fumbling at a rough nugget of gold that hung as a charm from his watch-chain.

I hadn't much to do that day, so I talked off and on with my visitor till it was time to go home, and then took him along with me.

I left him in the sitting room, and went to find mother. She was mixing biscuits for supper, looking through her glasses, and singing a snatch of some old, half-forgotten love ditty of her youth.

"Mother!" said I, breaking in upon her song. "Come in the other room. An old friend of yours wants to see you."

"Mother looked up over her glasses. 'The old friend? I don't know any of the Maine folks, is it?' she asked.

Because, if it was so much as a dog that had trotted across a corner of the State of Maine, on his four legs, mother would have run, with her arms out and a smile of welcome, without stopping to even wash the dough off her hands. As it was, with only an indefinite thought of seeing 'an old friend,' she went, with a dust of flour on her nose, and without her company cap.

As soon as she had stepped inside the sitting-room door, she stood and looked at her guest, and he stood and looked at her.

"It is Sam, as true as you are born!" she said, at last.

Then they both laughed, and then they both wiped their eyes, though they didn't seem like that sort of people, especially Mr. Averill.

I never knew mother to forget her house-keeping before, but this time she let the biscuit burn till they were black as my shoe! and when she mixed some more she put in sugar instead of salt, and left out the salt entirely altogether. But her cheeks grew pink, and her cap strings flew, and she nor her guest seemed to know the difference.

"Oh, honey!" cried my mother, hopping up from the tea-table as soon as she was seated. "You haven't lost your sweet tooth, have you, Sam?"

"How do you remember?" returned Sam, admiringly.

"I should think I ought to," answered my mother, with a girlish laugh. "The way you used to pick up walnuts to carry to the cross-roads store and trade for molasses to make candy of! Speaking of the cross roads store, I wonder if you know our old storekeeper's daughter, she that was Sarah Curry, has lost her husband?"

"No, has she? Strange I never heard of it," replied Mr. Averill, appearing as astonished as though he had been hearing from his old neighbor's very week.

"Yes," said my mother. "She married one of old St. Sever's boys, the eldest one, Jonathan, and he died sudden-all at once; well, it must be something like half-a-dozen years ago-and left his wife and so many children-five children or six, I don't know which."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Averill, passing his honey plate for the third time. "So, evidently he had not lost his sweet tooth."

After supper, mother washed up the dishes and talked, and Mr. Averill smoked his pipe and listened. It was the first time I ever allowed anybody to smoke in my house, but I had nothing to say now. I even lifted his pipe and lighted it for him. And then he told the story of his life, which had been full of strange and interesting adventures. He was evidently a man who did not do much, and who could not have written well, but he could talk; not always grammatically, perhaps, but always with force and fascination.

**SAM AVERILL'S STORY.**  
It seemed that years and years ago, his father and his mother's father lived in a town in the valley of the Kennebec. My mother's father was a large farmer and Mr. Averill's father was a very small farmer with a very large family. So his youngest son, Sam, came to work for my grandfather. My mother and my Aunt Augusta were young girls-they were twins, and I suppose by the way they look now that they must have been pretty then. My mother was early engaged and married to my father; but there was Augusta, and there was Sam; and where one was you might usually find the other near at hand. Sam never said anything, he was not of a demonstrative kind, but he knew how he felt, and he supposed Augusta knew too.

So the years budded and blossomed and brought forth fruit, until at last Sam went down to Connecticut to take charge of a saw mill for an uncle of his. He wrote to Aunt Augusta and Aunt Augusta wrote to him; and now and then he came to Maine on business, always going to my grandfather's before he went home, and carrying himself toward Augusta like an accepted lover.

After a few years he found himself possessed of twelve thousand dollars, and immediately went to work to spend it. He went abroad, to England and Rome and Egypt, and Paris and Germany and Sweden and Russia and everywhere. When he came home at last it was with only fifty dollars in his pocket. So next he went out among the copper mines of Lake Superior, and in time was again possessed of twelve thousand dollars.

Now I will come home and marry Augusta, and settle down, said he to himself. He didn't say it to anybody else. It never occurred to him that was necessary.

Meantime my Aunt Augusta had not stood like a rose in a pot, waiting for the gardener to come and pick it. She cast out her roots and threw up her branches and blossomed as though it was enough to fulfill the laws of being and beauty for their own sakes.

In that simple neighborhood work was supposed to be the chief end of everybody. So Aunt Augusta learnt yeast-making, and then she went to Coos, where her brother Nathan lived; and set up for herself.

Coos was a little crumb of a town in those days; but it held up its head and had its stores and its mills, and its shops, and its great white meeting house on a hill, with galleries on three sides and square pews and a high bell pulpit.

The first Sunday after Aunt Augusta went there, she climbed the hill, of course, and went in the front pew with Uncle Nathan and his wife. She was fashionably dressed in a black crape gown, a scarlet shawl and a white silk bonnet with pink roses inside. Her cheeks were as pink as her roses, and her eyes were as black as her gown.

There was no need that Mr. Keeler should point her out to the young men, but he took the pains to do it. Mr. Keeler, the minister, was a little lank man, as plain and gray as a dog-bone, and so afraid of the pews and vantages that he wouldn't wear buttons on his coat. No sooner had the eyes fallen on Aunt Augusta, settling herself in the front pew like a variegated tulip, than he dropped the subject he had started upon for his sermon, and began to preach against conformity to the world. He was a sincere, earnest man, and he preached with all his might, emphasizing and illustrating his words by pointing with his blunt finger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses. So if anybody had neglected to look at them before, they looked then.

Among those who were obedient to the ministerial forefinger was Abner Stanton, the village blacksmith.

Abner Stanton's heart was a good deal like his iron-not easily melted-but when it once had been hammered into a shape, there it was, fixed and steadfast. And today Aunt Augusta's eyes went through it like red-hot arrows as he peered around at her from behind one of the pillars in the gallery.

The next day he came to get a vest made. The day after he came to bring buttons for it; and the day after that he thought, as he was going by, he would call and see if she had everything she needed, and how soon the vest would be done. It was not two days more before he was there again to bring a letter.

"I happened to see it at the post-office when I went after my paper, and so I brought it along. I could as well as not," said he.

The letter was from Sam Averill, telling about the luck he had had in mining, the coal, and the fact that he was well. Nothing more; nothing about the home he was building in his fancy, and the figure that was always central in his thoughts.

"How have you fared all this great long time?"

"Fair to middling. Where's Augusta?" returned Sam.

"Oh, Augusta! She is all right. You go to the tavern and fix up, and I'll find Augusta. I will be around in an hour or so and call for you. Augusta will be so glad to see you, and so'll the rest of the folks. I don't know when there has been such a surprise in Coos before."

So Sam went off with his honest heart to find a razor and a wash bowl, and my Uncle Nathan did a very mean thing. He went straight to Abner Stanton. "Abner," said he, going into the smithy, out of breath, "Sam Averill has come, and you must go right up and get Augusta to name the day, or you will lose her. I'll keep 'im out of the way as long as I can."

Abner dropped his hammer, without saying a word, and went up the street, rolling down his shirt-sleeves as he went. An hour after Uncle Nathan came home with Sam Averill.

"Here is an old friend you will be glad to see, Augusta," said he, opening the door of my aunt's workroom, where she sat stitching the pocket of a primrose-colored vest, and looking fresh as a hundred primroses herself.

"It is Sam!" said she faintly, starting to her feet and dropping her hammer, and then she came and stood with him, and he took her in his arms, and she kissed him, and he kissed her, and they were as one.

It was Sam. Sam came at last, with his long-smoldering love and his tardy speaking.

Too late.

"You are too late! An hour too late," said my aunt Augusta, when he had told his errand East. "I have just engaged myself to another man."

"You haven't done right, Augusta," said Sam. "You belong to me; you have always belonged to me, and you ought to have waited till I came."

"You didn't say anything," returned my Aunt, with a little pride. "How was I to know what you meant? You never spoke a word!"

"I took it you knew my mind," returned Sam. "I never thought of anybody else, and it didn't occur to me that you would. You must marry this person now, or you have promised him of course. But it isn't right and it never will be right."

"Mr. Stanton is a worthy man; just as good as gold, clear through to the core. I have always liked him, and you never said anything," repeated my poor Aunt Augusta; "I will be your friend, though, just the same."

They said no more; there was nothing more to be said, and in a month Aunt Augusta and Abner Stanton were married, and then he went off, and had never been heard of again until to-day by Aunt Augusta's family.

He went to California, throwing his whole life into work; his work prospered, and he had come back now with houses and lands and gold and mines-a rich man. He had come back to find Aunt Augusta. He had come back to find Aunt Augusta, and learn how the world had fared with her. For in all these years of buying and selling and getting gain, he had kept the empty room in his heart that had once been filled with his love.

Aunt Augusta's married life had not been happy. It is very dangerous for a man to take in a mean habit temporarily, for it will stick to him. Abner Stanton's character never recovered from the twist those intercepted letters gave it. I don't know what, but something was always going wrong between them. Even their children proved barriers instead of bonds. As he grew older his natural economy and thrift became stronger and stronger, until, as my mother said, "he got so close he could sit, and seven more like him, on a three-cent piece." Finally, one day, under some provocation, he told Aunt Augusta about the lost letters.

"You oughtn't to have told me that, Abner," said she. "You ought not to have told me. I can never forgive you."

She never did. Always after, there seemed to be something separating them, cold and hard and transparent as ice until at last they agreed to live apart. And so they did until the death of Mr. Stanton. Now Aunt Augusta was living surrounded by her children and grandchildren, happy and comfortable.

Mother brought down thus the story of Aunt Augusta's life, while Mr. Averill listened, eager and excited. When she had finished he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and starting up, began to walk the floor.

NO AGAIN.

"I will start for Portland to-morrow morning and see what Augusta will have to say to me. I am of the same mind I always was. I've never hankered for a moment after any other woman, and I am as ready to marry her to-day as ever I was."

So the next day I saw him on the Portland train, gray with years, but youthful with expectation.

This time he did not waste his opportunity by waiting to make himself free, but went straight to the house of Aunt Augusta's daughter, with whom she was living.

"Where is Mrs. Stanton? I want to see her right away," said he as soon as the door was opened.

"You will find her here; walk in if you please," replied the house-maid, throwing open the door of the sitting-room.

Mr. Averill stepped quickly forward. Yes, there she sat stitching away as before on some kind of primrose-colored stuff with her eyes as black and bright as ever. But the primroses were faded in her cheeks, and she wore a cap on her head.

"I have come for you again, Augusta. Am I too late this time?" cried the impatient lover.</